Ole Bull's First Performances.

OLE BULL has just played a sonata for me under all those circumstances which would render it the most impressive, for I am his guest; and though the storm beats without, beside his hearth-stone, which is all in a glow, I bask; and as the evening brings darkness to the room I hear the violin in an absorbed way, for nothing can divert my thoughts. The lady pianist who accompanies him follows sympathetically each shading of the music. Then around the fire-place, with many a cigar, my host tells me the history of his early life.

"My uncle was a publisher, and had a quantity of sheet music—quartettes and so on. He played the violoncello, and he bought me my first violin. It was a lemon-colored violin, and so sour—so sour! I played for the cats, and absolutely drove them away from their food. I am sure that the cats got ill over Fiorillo's studies. They kept clear of a little summer-house where I used to play. When I was eight years old I played the first violin in a quartette of Pleyel's. When I was nine years I used to play with some very good amateurs, and when my piece with them did not come early in the evening they used to put me asleep in a violoncello case, and wake me up with a red apple. In Bergen there was a garrison, and there was a band of wind instruments; and do you know that a clarionet quacks to-day—at least to me—just as it did then! I used to slumber away in the 'cello case, because the amateurs would play two quartettes before supper. It happened occasionally that, from eating too much supper, the players were troubled—yes, troubled. One evening my uncle said, 'Come, let us play a quartette of Beethoven's.' Some one remarked, 'Beethoven is so difficult.' 'But we must,' said my uncle. The quartettes were bound together in one book. They used to let me play the Cramer and Haydn; they were easy; but the Beethoven—ah! in those days he was thought hard. That night the first violin was in trouble after supper. We call it tipsy, just as you do. 'What a shame!' said my uncle. 'Ole, do you take the part and play it?'

"I had heard it, but had never tried it. I did not think much about it, but I remember that I was right then and there proposed and elected as a member of that musical club. At very long intervals after that, good instrumentalists would come to Bergen, and I would listen to them. I heard the compositions of Rhode and Spohr, and played them as well as I could. Father was an apothecary, and his assistant played the flute. The assistant used to receive musical catalogues from Copenhagen. I devoured the names, and for the first time saw that of Paganini on his famous twenty-four caprices. One evening father came home, bringing with him two Italians. I was fourteen then, and their talk fired me. I wanted to hear about their great violinist Paganini, and they told me all they knew. Even the mention of his name excited my imagination, and made me wild. I went to my grandmother. 'Dear grandmother,' I said, 'can't I [illegible]

Phillips, the Harper's Magazine.

Courting in Ye Olden Days.

THIRTY years ago Michigan people were a frank and truthful set. Strangers could come here and trade horses with their eyes shut, and breach of promise cases were unknown. Folks meant what they said, and when they gave their word stuck to it.

Exactly thirty years ago this month a widower from New York State appeared in Lansing on business. That same business carried him over to De Witt, eight miles away. While en route he stopped at a log farm-house to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years, and after some general talk, the woman queried:

"Am I right in thinking you are a widower?"

"Yes."

"Did you come out here to find a wife?"

"Partly."

"Did anybody tell you of our Susie?"

"No."

"Well, we've got as bouncing a girl of twenty-two as you ever set eyes on. She's good-looking, healthy and good-tempered, and I think she'll like your looks."

"Where is she?"

"Over in the woods, here, chopping down a coon-tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?"

"No. If you'll keep an eye on my horse I'll find her."

"Well, there's nothing stuck up or affected about Susie. She'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her, don't be afraid to say so."

The stranger heard the sound of her ax and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good looking girl, swinging an ax like a man, and in two minutes he had decided to say:

"Susie, I'm a widower from New York State; I'm 39 years old, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go back home with me?"

She leaned on the ax and looked at him for half a minute, and then replied:

"Can't say for certain. Just wait till I get these coons off my mind."

She sent the tree crashing to earth, and with his help killed five coons, which were stowed away in a hollow.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking.

"I'm yourn!" was the reply; "and by the time you get back from De Witt I'll have these pelts off and tacked up and be ready for the preacher!"

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the State of Michigan.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sparrows in a Winter Bath.

YESTERDAY, during the sunny hour of noon, a flock of about a hundred English sparrows gathered upon and near a painted tin roof having a protected southern exposure, where a good deal of water had collected in the broad, flat gutter. The temperature of the surrounding air was about six degrees below the freezing point, and water was evidently a scarce article, for the eager little birds rushed for it almost furiously. They dashed in by the dozen, fluttering their wings and tails, and sending the water in a shower of spray around. A dozen new comers would be actually fighting for precedence. As fast as they finished their bath the birds went to the upper slope of the roof, next the sheltering brick wall of a higher part of the building, and there spread themselves out in the sun, like hens shuffling in a warm sand bath, spreading out their feathers and turning themselves first on one and then on the other side. One sparrow evidently had his misgivings about taking a plunge into a winter bath; he stood shivering at the edge of the pool, like an undressed boy at the river's bank when he hesitates to take his first plunge of the season. Some of his more venturesome companions tried to push the bird in. One seized him by the tail and pulled; another fluttered his wings against him and tried to crowd him in; and a third tried to operate on his head. It was in vain; that particular bird, though seemingly desirous of a bath, evidently mistrusted the temperature of the water—or his own sanitary powers of resistance in these malarial times, and he wouldn't budge. His companions, to the number of about sixty, then gave it up and crowded together in their selected position of shelter, as closely, seemingly, as swarming bees, making a pretty sight. The social and gregarious characteristics of these sparrows are strongly marked. But they fail to find in this country, the thatched cottage roofs, and the wheat and barley ricks, in which they are so naturally prone to burrow in English rural districts.—*Hartford (Conn.) Times.*

How a Woman's Curiosity Netted Her $4,000.

ONE time the Pennsylvania Railroad Company wanted a good site for the location of its great shops. It found the place it wanted on the east side of the Alleghany Mountains, on a beautiful plateau. That was just forty years ago. There were not many people living on that plateau in 1840. One daring pioneer and his family were monarchs of the unbroken forest that covered it, and three log huts hidden away in the shadowy recesses of that forest were all the indications of civilization to be found there. The railway company sent out an agent to buy the whole plateau, with written instructions to pay $10,000 if necessary. The agent came, he found the pioneer, he put up at his unpretentious log-hut, he told him all the new stories from the city, he wrought him into a good humor, and the settler finally made ready to sell at $6,000, considering himself a made man at that. But while he was talking business his good wife was straightening up the stranger's room. She found a package of papers; womanly curiosity prompted her to open the unsealed envelope; she read the agent's instructions. She called her husband into the kitchen in a very few moments, and she did what nine women of every ten do for their husbands; she made more money for him than he ever hoped he would be worth; more than he had ever could have made if he hadn't he told. When the settler returned picked up cent that real estate had minutes, and de during the past ten less than $10,00 couldn't think of taking was nothing else to his claim. There wouldn't help the m done: swearing sand dollars of it belong. Four thouan, but I never heard who to the womor not. Ten years later she got it vania Railroad began building Pennsylon the plateau; now the city of Al hops has upwards of 20,000 inhabitants, thr or four newspapers, seventeen churches, as many schools, and one convent, the largest railroad shops in American.—*Pennsylvania Letter.*

Some Ancient and Modern Teachings on Cleanliness in the Household.

IN a most thoughtful lecture, delivered by Dr. Richardson before the Sanitary Congress at Exeter, England, a short time ago, the subject treated was "Woman as a Sanitary Reformer." Starting with Solomon, many are the wise sayings with which the King is credited. "A good wife worketh willingly with her hands." "She riseth while it is yet night and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens." "She layeth her hands to the spindle and her hands to the distaff." "She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed in scarlet." Dr. Richardson proclaims this ideal housewife to be that perfect type of woman—the sanitary reformer.

Xenophon had his own theory as to the duties of the woman in the household, and invents a dialogue between Socrates and Critobulus, where the wonderful ways of Isomachus are described. Here the most practical laws of economy are laid down. Mrs. Isomachus was not the kind of woman to expend in the first week of the month, when her husband has given her money, the bulk of it in bonnets and cloaks, "for that which is to be spent in a twelvemonth is not to be fooled away in a month." She must give her own personal attention to the food as it comes into the house. If Isomachus's wife had a pass-book with the butcher, and had ordered 12 pounds of ribs, when it came home it would have been her duty to examine it. If it was under weight, she would have discovered it. If it were badly cut, or was poor beef, or not exactly an equivalent for the twenty cents a pound charged for it, she would have returned it, or would have "wanted to know the reason why." For when Isomachus came home from the Agora with a friend, if the meal had been improperly dressed, or the prime material poor, he would not have held the Bœotian purveyor at fault, but would have rated his wife roundly for her shortcomings. It is true, Greek wives did not ordinarily grace their lords' tables, but still we may be quite certain that husbands scolded their helpmates at Athens just as they do in New York. In the original text it reads: "The corn that is brought in she must carefully examine, so that none which is musty and dirty be eaten for food." Very wise and full of minute details are the other accounts of the wife of Isomachus. He himself tells of an adventure of his on a vessel sailing under Phenecian colors. A storm arose, and there would have been confusion, but on the craft such was the perfection of order that everything was in its proper place for immediate service, from an anchor to a basin for a sick passenger. Then Isomachus descants on the necessity of neatness in the house. "A house," he says, "has an ordination. It is not ordained to be gorgeously painted with divers fair pictures, though these may be excellent, but it is built for this purpose and consideration, that it should be profitable and adaptable for things that are in it, so that, as it were, it bids the owners to lay up everything that is in it in such place as is most meet for the thing to be put." This sentence, with its fine classic flavor, means simply, "everything in its place and a place for everything." But Isomachus's spouse did some very strange things, which are to be forgiven her, for they were only in fashion in those very early days. We have very much improved in the last 2,200 years, and, of conrse, what Isomachus chid his wife for then would hardly expose a New York lady of today to marital censure. Mrs. Isomachus painted her face so that it should be redder than it was, and blackened her eyebrows and used high heels, so that she should appear to be taller than she really was. Then spoke to her her considerate lord and master, and argued with her as follows: "Do I give you counterfeit notes for greenbacks, or sport ormolu chains for 18 carats, paste brilliants for solitaires, or give you badly-printed calicoes for fast colors?" And the conscience-stricken wife replied: "The gods forbid that you should do such a thing, for even will you not dye your own whiskers." And from that time henceforward the wife of Isomachus gave up the Balm of Beauty, pipe-clay, sulphuret of antimony, oxide of bismuth, and cuddle, and took to slip-shod and limp list slippers.

Still, with all the peculiarities of those early days, when men and women were neither much worse nor better than they are to-day, considerable attention seems to have been paid to the sanitary condition of the house. In such a warm climate as the Romans and Greeks lived in, great cleanliness must have been a necessity. It has been repeated over and over again that the exigencies of civilization conceal, but do not cause the disappearance of, what is most noxious to the health of the inmates of the house. We generally see notes of warning sent forth about this time of year to housekeepers, and they should be heeded. The danger of an unhealthy house in summer is hardly secondary to that of an unpoliced cellar in winter. That garbage and dirt which has remained concealed in the lower portions of the house want to be removed at once. Every drain-pipe should be scrutinized.

In summer, some kind of natural ventilation takes place. The house is wide open from cellar to garret. In winter apertures are closed. If there be impurities below, the noxious gases arising from them infiltrate through the house, and remain not only as constantly disturbing elements, but their pestiferous characteristics are increased. A house becomes then overcharged with poison. Who is so ignorant as not to know that many diseases so fatal to children—in fact, all those fevers of which scarlet fever is the type—are more prevalent in winter than in summer? A husband, if he can, time allowing it, ought to look after these things, but he generally is not of the Isomachus type. It devolves, then, on Isomachus's wife, not later than to-day, to see personally to the condition of the cellars of the house before that furnace is lit, which, it should be remembered, in our climate is not to be extinguished for the next five months.

Dr. Richardson insists that on the wife devolves the entire health of the household. He writes: "She should demand to have marked for her on a map or plan the precise position of every drain-pipe in the establishment, and would insist, with intelligent skill, in having every drain kept as systematically clean as the china in the housemaid's cupboard, or the metal covers that make so many bright and effective objects over the dresser of the well-arranged kitchen. . . . She would see that sunlight found its way as freely as possible into every apartment. She would see that damp had no place in any apartment." She would insist that where any living thing that ought not to be present in a house exists in it, that house is unclean, and in some way uninhabitable for health, since health will not abide with anything which is uncleanly.—*N. Y. Times.*

Foul Air.

IF mankind were generally aware of the effects of the diseased radiations and exhalations of invalids, popular lecturers and preachers, and favorite dramatists, and negro dancers, could hardly induce the convocation of the crowded audiences that they now do, and people would be as particular in the air they breathe as in the water they drink. The use of stagnant waters could not be more deleterious to the nervous and vascular systems than the inhalation and absorption of vitiated air. Still most people are regardless of the latter, while they throw out with disgust a glass of water which has odor, sediment, or color. And how many fastidious men and women would suffer almost any punishment rather than go in bathing in a bathing-house, crowded with all sorts of people as thick as they can stand or swim! They would consider the water unfit to enter, and so with reason they might think, but these same persons do not seem to imagine when in a crowded, and even odorous car, omnibus, or lecture-room, that they are in fact bathing in the same air with all the individuals they are crowded with, and not only that, but breathing it, too. Your clothing does not protect your skin from the effluvia passing off from the besotted and tobacco-saturated man who sits against you on one side, nor your veil from breathing the same air which has been inhaled and exhaled by the woman with decayed teeth, catarrh, and bad breath on the other side. Men returning from their business, and women from shopping, do not seem to realize that they bring home with them to their parlors some of the essential parts of men and women whom they would not allow to enter their back doors. This is no fling at poor people, but at those whose habits and dissipations have rendered them not only filthy, but diseased. It is, indeed, amusing sometimes to see how an aristocratic individual will turn his or her back upon, or leave a seat contiguous to, some plainly dressed person, though the latter be glowing with health, and seek contiguity with quite an opposite character, whose countenance bears every evidence of disease, but whose physical infirmities are almost concealed by the tailor or dressmaker and the perfumer. Better at any time seat yourself in public vehicles beside men whose clothes are soiled with honest labor, but whose skins are red with the glow of health, or next to women in plain, cheap, calico, with vivacity in their eyes and sweetness in their breath, than to haughtily squeeze yourself between two well-dressed invalids. The former impart to you the magnetism of health, while the latter absorb your vital magnetism, and corrupt the air about you. By one your stock in health is enriched; by the other it is impoverished. Fish swim in water—you swim in air; look out for its purity. And parents, have an eye to your children who rely upon your judgment and care. Horace Mann, alluding to ill-ventilated school-rooms, said: "To put children on a limited supply of fresh air is as foolish as it would have been for Noah during the deluge to put his family on a short allowance of water. Since God has poured out an atmosphere of fifty miles deep, it is enough to make a miser weep to see our children stinted in breathing."—*Medical Common Sense.*

A Novelist's Profits.

THE New York *Times* says: The $60,000 received by Lord Beaconsfield for his last novel, "Endymion," is believed to represent the largest amount given in England for any work of fiction. Scott received $40,000 for "Woodstock," and George Eliot the same amount for "Middlemarch." Bulwer Lytton's earlier novels, even when he was the rage, did not bring him in more than from $3,000 to $5,000, but he subsequently received handsome amounts for copyright of a collective edition. Lord Beaconfield's earlier novels, notwithstanding the success of the first, "Vivian Grey," had a very limited sale, and could be bought for next to nothing within a few months of publication. They never became in general request as components of a library, and in England were only read with interest by persons familiar with political and social life. "Coningsby" excited by far the most interest, and the key which soon afterward appeared was eagerly scrutinized. Probably "Endymion" and "Lothair" have, together, produced more than double than all the previous works of the author, albeit very inferior to some of them. The "Curiosities of Literature" of the elder Disraeli must have produced a large sum of money. It forms a part of every good collection of English books, and has passed through many editions. Dickens left $400,000, and a considerable slice of this came from books, but it was his "readings" which made him affluent; and so, too, with Thackray. For receipts from actual writing no one has yet reached Scott, whose income for several years ranged from £10,000 to £15,000, mainly drawn from this source. Richardson was the first Englishman who made a really good thing out of writing, and mainly because he was publisher of his own novels. Probably Miss Braddon's receipts from writing rank among the first half-dozen highest among writers of fiction. Reynolds, who wrote "The Mysteries of London" and other works of low sensational type, was, from a pecuniary point of view, one of the most successful of British authors.

ASIA MINOR is full of mineral wealth. Mines of silver, lead, of copper, chrome, coal and other valuable products are known to exist in abundance, but only pay for working, owing to the absence of roads, when they are within a few miles from the sea

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"BY-AND-BY" is a very bad boy:
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "*By-and-by*"
Soon come to the house of "*Never.*"

"*I Can't*" is a mean little coward:
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honors—"*I Can.*"

"*No Use in Trying*"—nonsense, I say:
Keep trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "*I Forgot*" by the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"*Don't Care*" and "*No Matter*," boys, they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say. "*Yes, we do care,*" and 'twould be "*Great matter.*"
If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.
—*Harper's Young People.*

A BOY OF THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

MR. BARBER was one of the men who attract boys. It would puzzle a good many people to tell why. It could hardly be because he flattered them, for he often told them some plain truths. Still, for some reason, they were quite apt to come to him and talk over their affairs; and so he was not at all surprised when Charley White came and leaned on his fence one day while he was at work in his garden. He hoed out his row, and then paused and asked, rather abruptly:

"Well, Charley, what do you want now?"

"Five dollars," answered Charley.

"Five dollars? Whew! I don't know as I have it for you."

"And if you had I shouldn't want you to give it to me. I haven't come to that yet. I want to earn it."

"But how do you expect to earn so much money, and go to school, too?"

"I didn't say I expected to earn it; may be I don't. But you asked what I wanted."

"Sharp boy!" said Mr. Barber, smiling. "Perhaps I will make out better asking what you want of five dollars. Do you want a new doctor for your bruised shoulder?"

"No; my shoulder is doing all right now, and I guess all it wants is time and a little care. But I *did* have an awful time with that shoulder for a good while; and I tell you what it is, Mr. Barber," said Charley, leaning farther over the fence; "that sister of mine is not ten years old yet, but you wouldn't believe what a little woman she is. She's next thing to mother to fix a fellow up and take care of him when he's sick. I'm afraid I didn't think much about it at the time; but since I've been about again I've thought a good deal, and I'd like to make Lou a present. I know where I can find a set of furs, such as some of her mates have, and they would just delight her, and the price is five dollars. Her birthday comes in the fall, just when they would come in good, and I wish I could find some way to earn the money between this time and that; for I am pretty sure mother can't afford to get them. It will be vacation part of the time, but then I don't know how soon my shoulder will let me do anything hard. So I don't know as I am likely to get the money; but that is what I should like."

"Well, well," said Mr. Barber, thoughtfully, "you might have been thinking of something worse. I can tell you one thing you may consider. Mr. Camp was driving the cows himself this morning. You know he pastures most of the village cows, and takes them back and forth in the bargain. He has just turned off that Dudd boy because he could not depend upon him. He wants another boy at a dollar a week. The work isn't very much, and can be done out of school hours; but he wants a boy to be on hand at the hour, every morning and every night, and, you know, boys like to be off whenever there is some other place they would rather be."

"That is tying a fellow down pretty close, in fact. No going off of an afternoon and staying late, or any such fun."

"Just so; it would be a good deal of a job, and hang on a long while; so perhaps you had better go and tell your sister how much you appreciate her kindness, and you would do something to show it, if it did not cost anything."

Charley flushed, and said: "You think my talk is only talk, I see. But I don't believe I did much even of that, in the time of it, when it might have done some good. I'm afraid I grumbled and complained when everything didn't just suit, and when it did, said nothing about it."

"Shouldn't wonder a bit. You're bound to make a man yet. Those are some of the sure symptoms."

"Well, we'll see. Good day, sir," said Charley.

"Good day," replied Mr. Barber.

Charley went first to his mother and then to Mr. Camp, and the next morning Mr. Barber nodded and smiled to see him passing with the cows, and many a word of cheer did he give the boy during the long weeks, which would grow tedious sometimes in spite of himself. But they wore away for all that, and the season came when the cows were no longer to go to the pasture. Charley felt rich with his five dollars in his pocket, and more besides.

Soon after came the day he had been planning for. When Lou opened her door that morning to come down stairs she found hanging to the outer knob a set of furs which exactly suited her, with a card attached, on which she read: "For Lou's birthday, with brother Charley's love."

What could she do, in her complete surprise, but rush down to the dining room, all excitement, and laughing and crying at once? Meeting Charley, she threw her arms around his neck and gave him a hearty kiss, exclaiming: "Oh, you darling! how did you know just what I wanted, and how did you manage it?"

"Drove cows," said Charley, feeling quite as happy as his sister.

About a year later, Charley was again leaning over Mr. Barber's garden fence.

"Well, Charley," said Mr. B., "how did that investment pay we were talking of a year ago?"

"First-rate," said Charley; "it was pretty hard word to stick right to it sometimes, but when I saw how pleased Lou was, I tell you I was glad I did not back out."

"And she enjoyed your present all through the cold weather?"

"Yes; she has often said they did her lots of good."

"And when you had once made an effort to please her, it was easier afterwards to plan your plays, so she could share in your good times?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Certainly, it is so: just as after you have once gone to the barn and back through the drifted snow, you can go easier the next time in the same track. And having denied yourself sometimes when the boys were going off on some sports, you can do it easier now when your mother needs you."

"I believe it's all so," said Charley.

"Well, I want to tell you two things you can take home to think of. One is, the work was worth as much to you as the money you got for it; the other is, you have had a better time yourself for the practice you have had in thinking and caring for others."—*N. Y. Observer.*

How to Grow Homely.

NO ONE wishes to know that, you will say. Well, but that most people do grow homely it is impossible to deny. All love a frank, open countenance, and welcome the owner of it; but how few such there are. There are good and sufficient reasons for these things, some of which I propose to show you.

When you are angry, how wrinkled your face gets, and what a cross, disagreeable expression is in your eyes. Every time you get angry a little of that look stays; you cannot get rid of it.

We have all seen people who look at us openly and frankly when talking with us, and others who will hardly let their eyes meet ours; what is the reason? When one has been telling what is not quite the truth, he does not like to look up for fear of being discovered, and the next time it is a little "more so," and when one is in the habit of doing things he is ashamed of, he will not let you look him in the eye if he can help it. There is not a surer way to grow homely.

Another way is, every time you hear it said that some one of your acquaintances has been doing something wrong, do not stop to know that it is so, nor think whether you haven't done just such a thing yourself sometime, or something just as bad, but go right away and tell every one you meet all about it. And if you cannot remember just how it was told you, tell it someway, however you happen to think it might have been. This will give your countenance an expression very spiteful and malicious—the way cross old maids are said to look.

A sure way to make your mouth homely and to take all the dimples from your cheeks, is to get angry and scold a great deal, very often, using words you would not like certain of your friends to hear you say.

By using the same means you can make your voice very harsh and unpleasant.—*News-Boys' Appeal.*

Misplaced Trusts.

THE daily papers report the defalcation of the city book-keeper and collector for one of our wholesale hardware houses. The extent of the "shortage" is not known, but it is believed to amount to several thousand dollars. The young man has, of late, had the reputation of being "fast" and indulging in extravagances beyond the amount which his salary would justify. The unfortunate condition in which this faithless employe now finds himself is but the same in which many another has found himself, not only in this city, but in every city, and, we might say, town in the country. It is the old story, temptation, fall and disgrace. The bitter ashes of repentance will hardly atone for the inexcusable course which this man and others choose, in their moments of pleasure-seeking, to pursue. The strangeness in all these proceedings is that fast young men will toy with vice, knowing that in the future, a day of reckoning must be had. If this defaulting book-keeper had any perceptive faculties at all, he must have known that he could not long continue his system of peculations, and that sooner or later the denouement must come. To-day this violator of a sacred trust, this betrayer of a personal confidence, stands with reputation charred and blackened. Upon the white page of his reputation there exists a foul spot which can never be erased. It is said that he had a home and a wife and child. If so, in that home there rests a shadow whose darkness can never depart. Upon the heart of a trusting wife there is a weight which can never be removed until it has ceased its pulsations in death. Did this young man think of all this when stepping out upon that life of shame, which has thus terminated in his ruin and sent him a fleeing outcast from the city and the home he has disgraced?

There are others to-day following rapidly in this young man's footsteps. Daily they are tempted to betray their trusts. Some have even stepped across the fatal line, and are now doing the same unlawful act which has cost this book-keeper his situation and the loss of his good name. Some trumpet of warning should be sounded for these misguided young men. Something should be done to arouse them to the danger of their position, but more to show them the enormity of the offenses they are committing.

There is a duty for employers in this matter. They should keep a watchful eye upon the conduct of those to whom they grant positions of confidence and trust. If they see that their men are pursuing a course of vice or are engaging in habits of extravagance, then it is morally incumbent upon them to attempt to reform their erring employes, or failing in so doing, they should remove them from positions where they are tempted to violate their trusts. Self interest, as well as a high sense of moral and social obligation, should teach those who employ young men to watch over their characters and reputations. This is a difficult task, we know, especially in a large city, but not so difficult that it cannot be accomplished.—*Industrial World.*

—Mons. Lollet has been recently dredging in the Sea of Galilee. It has a depth of 250 meters and contains twelve species of fish. The majority of these species have the singular habit of hatching their eggs and sheltering their young in their mouths.